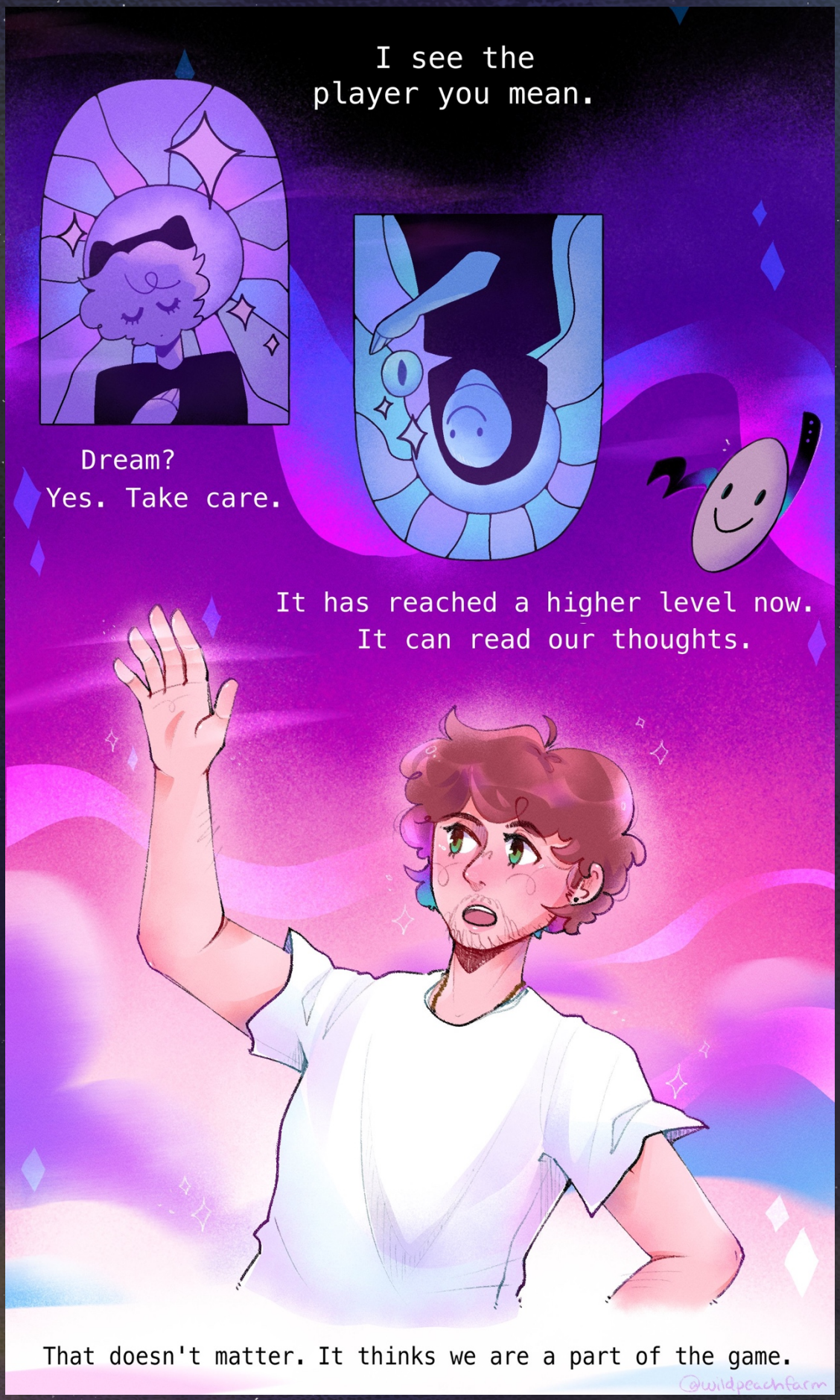
PROJECT: END POEM

THE MINECRAFT END POEM READ TO DREAM, BY US :)

HOSTED BY
@THEFTSHRUBBERY AND @ECHOPRAXES

I see the player you mean.
Dream?



@wildpeachfarm

Yes. Take care. It has reached a higher level now. It can read our thoughts.
That doesn't matter. It thinks we are part of the game."

@pronounrespector

i like this player / it played well / it did not give up

Dream's shitty apartment is too small for pacing, but he does it anyway. Back and forth and back and forth over and over, the sounds of his footsteps drowned out by the buzz of his thoughts.

He's felt out of balance for a while now- ever since he uploaded that first video. Before (before before before) everything was planning and studying and notes and calls with anyone he could get to agree to it. And then it had become filming and editing and that eternal moment before he pushed the button that would make the video public. A beginning. And an ending, of the *before*.

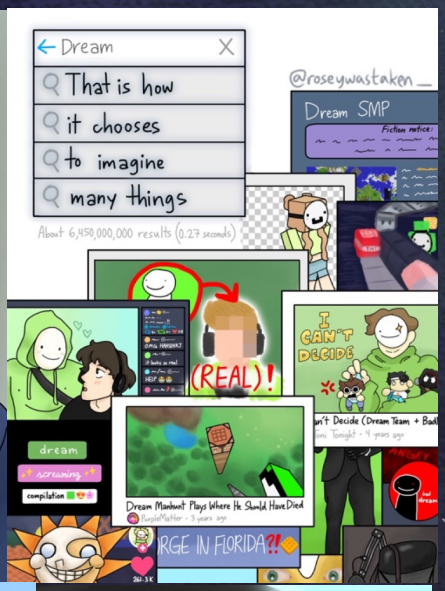
Planning had felt *real.* He could scroll through the words upon words stored in documents, or even rifle through the notebook he kept on his desk, the pages soft and well-used in his hands, his writing jumbled and messy. But the numbers now- they feel like a dream, almost fittingly. Climbing impossibly higher every time he checks, far surpassing any expectation he'd had.

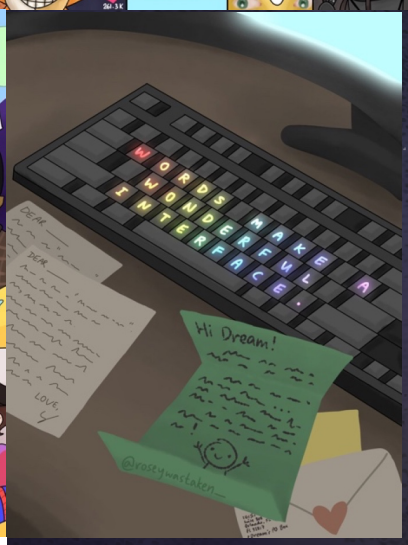
But they can't be *real,* because he can't pay his rent this month.

His savings have run dry, exactly in the amount of time he'd predicted they would. It had been more than enough time. But he can't pay rent.

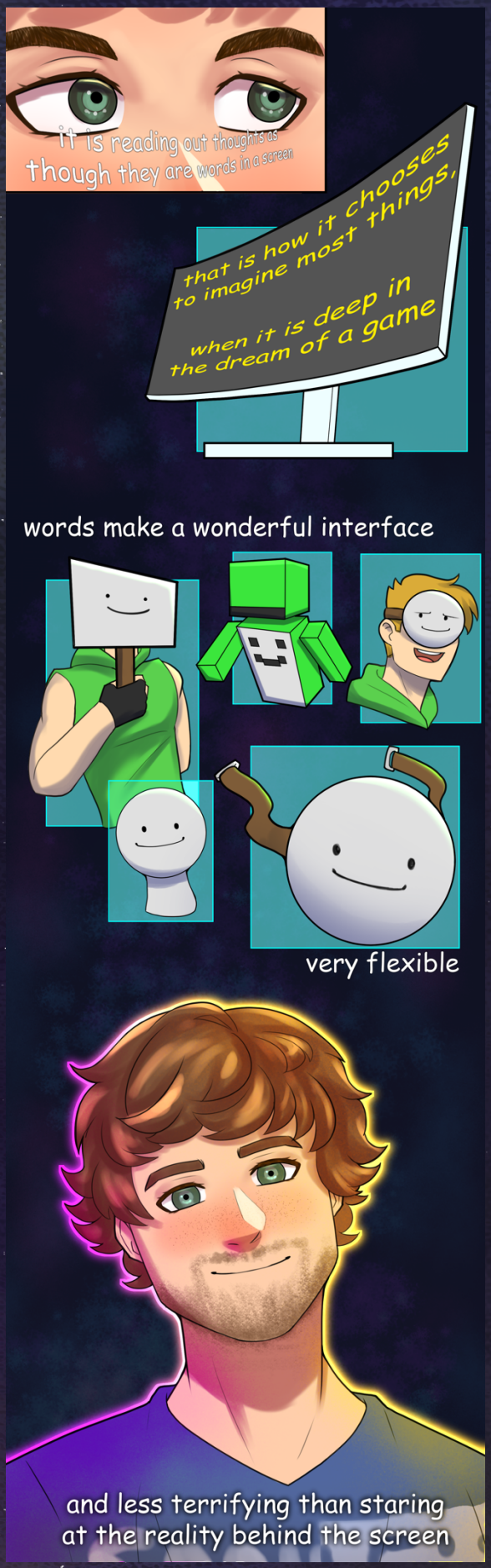
@b34n5_

It is reading our thoughts as though they were words on a screen.
That is how it chooses to imagine many things, when it is deep in the dream of a game.





@roseywastaken_



@curosartgallery

They used to hear voices. Before players could read.

@happilygoldn

@patchiewastaken

What did this player dream?
This player dreamed of sunlight and trees. Of fire and water.

@echopraxes @timetravelkoolaid

It dreamed it created. And it dreamed it destroyed. It dreamed it hunted, and was hunted. It dreamed of shelter.

@sleepyartist404

Hah, the original interface. A million years old, and it still works. But what true structure did this player create, in the reality behind the screen?
It worked, with a million others, to sculpt a true world in a fold of the ####, and created a #### for ####, in the ####.

@kaiipivara

It cannot read that thought.
No. It has not yet achieved the highest level. That, it must achieve in the long dream of life, not the short dream of a game.

@doodlezTM

Does it know that we love it? That the universe is kind?

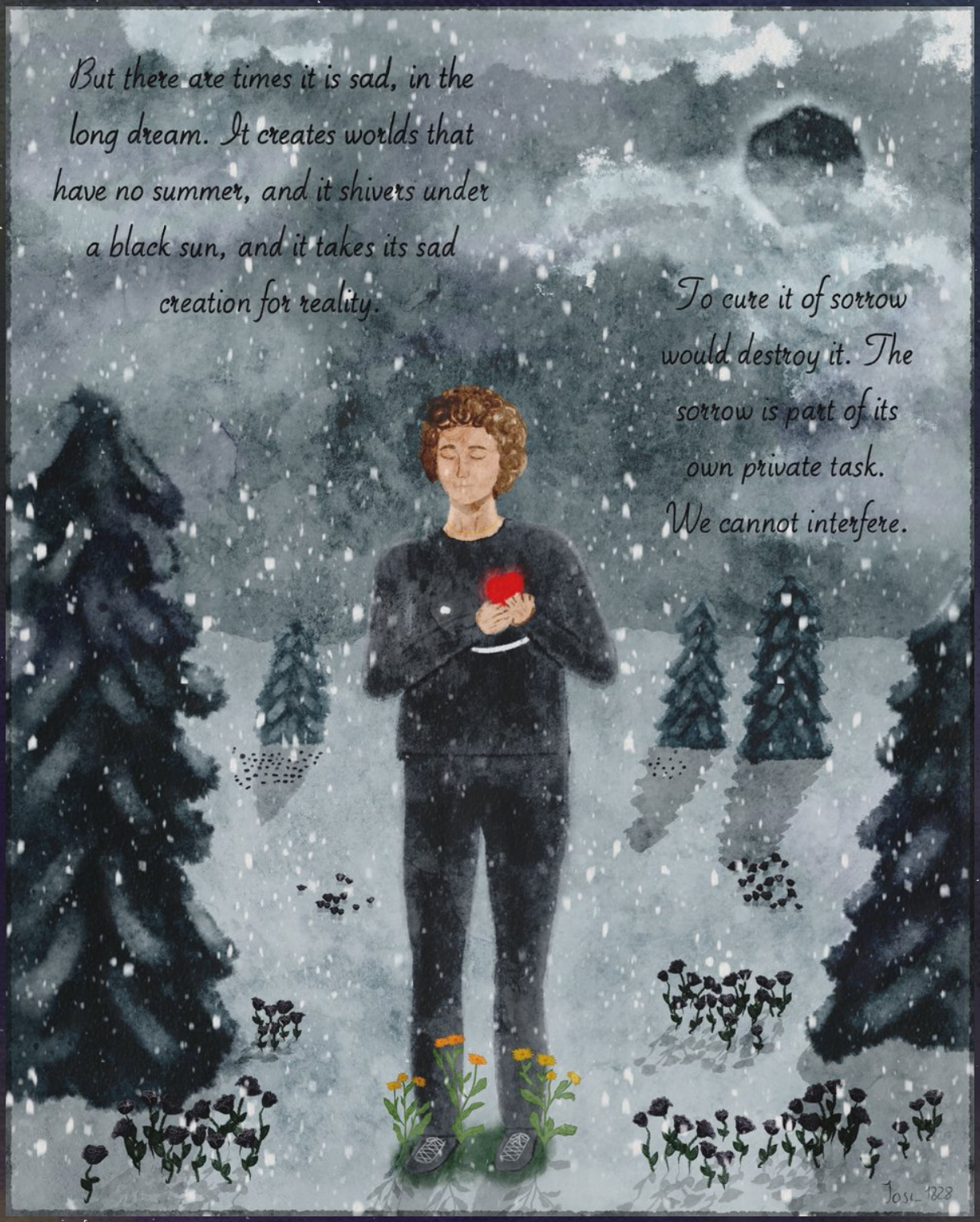
@theftshrubbery

Sometimes, through the noise of its thoughts, it hears the universe, yes.

@bambambami_

But there are times it is sad, in the long dream. It creates worlds that have no summer, and it shivers under a black sun, and it takes its sad creation for reality.

To cure it of sorrow would destroy it. The sorrow is part of its own private task. We cannot interfere



@josi_1828

Sometimes when they are deep in dreams, I want to tell them, they are building true worlds in reality.

@peterpyper

Sometimes I want to tell them of their importance to the universe. Sometimes, when they have not made a true connection in a while, I want to help them to speak the word they fear.

@JJoneechan

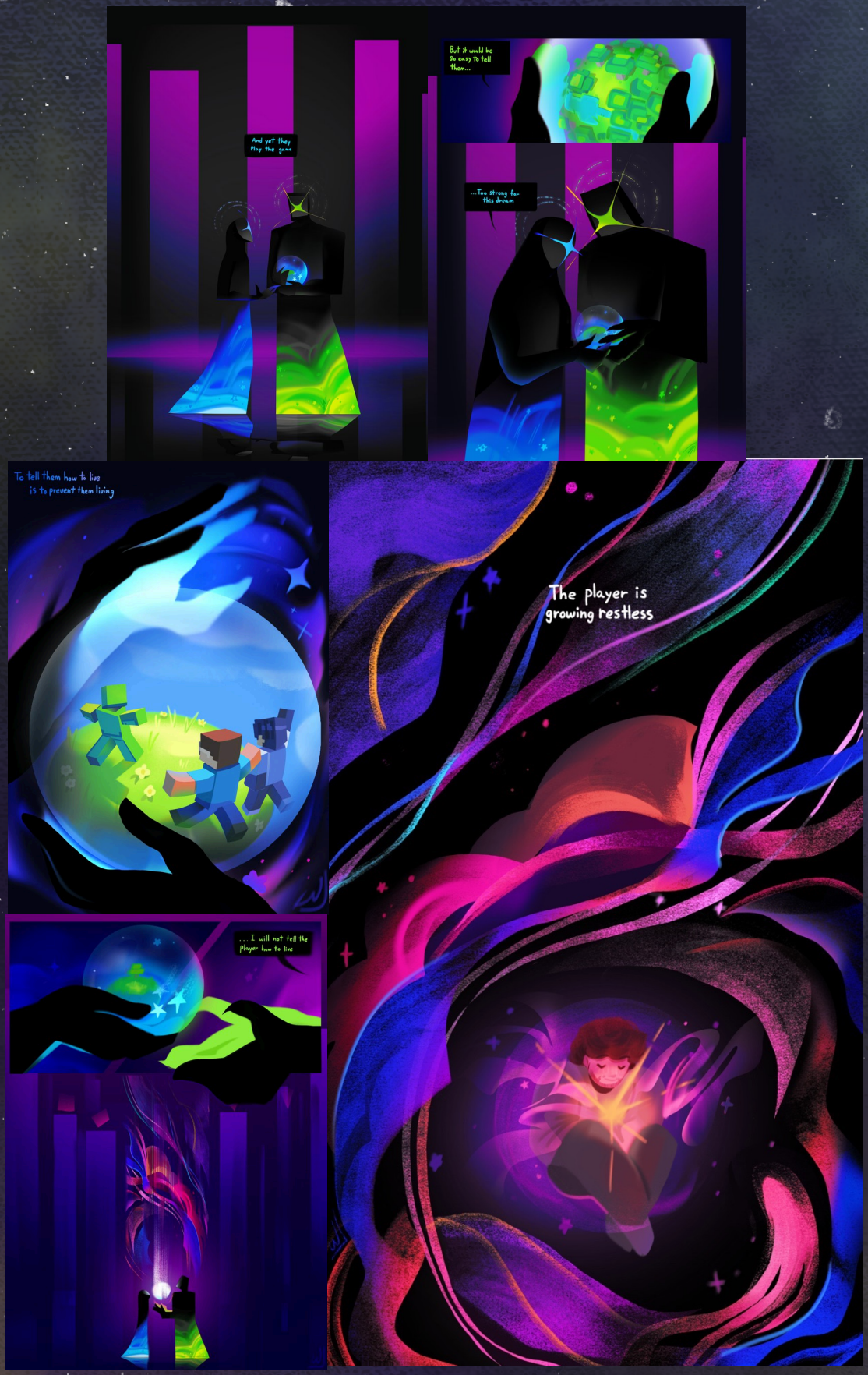
It reads our thoughts.

@sl_eepysoda

Sometimes I do not care. Sometimes I wish to tell them, this world you take for truth is merely #### and ####, I wish to tell them that they are #### in the ####. They see so little of reality, in their long dream.

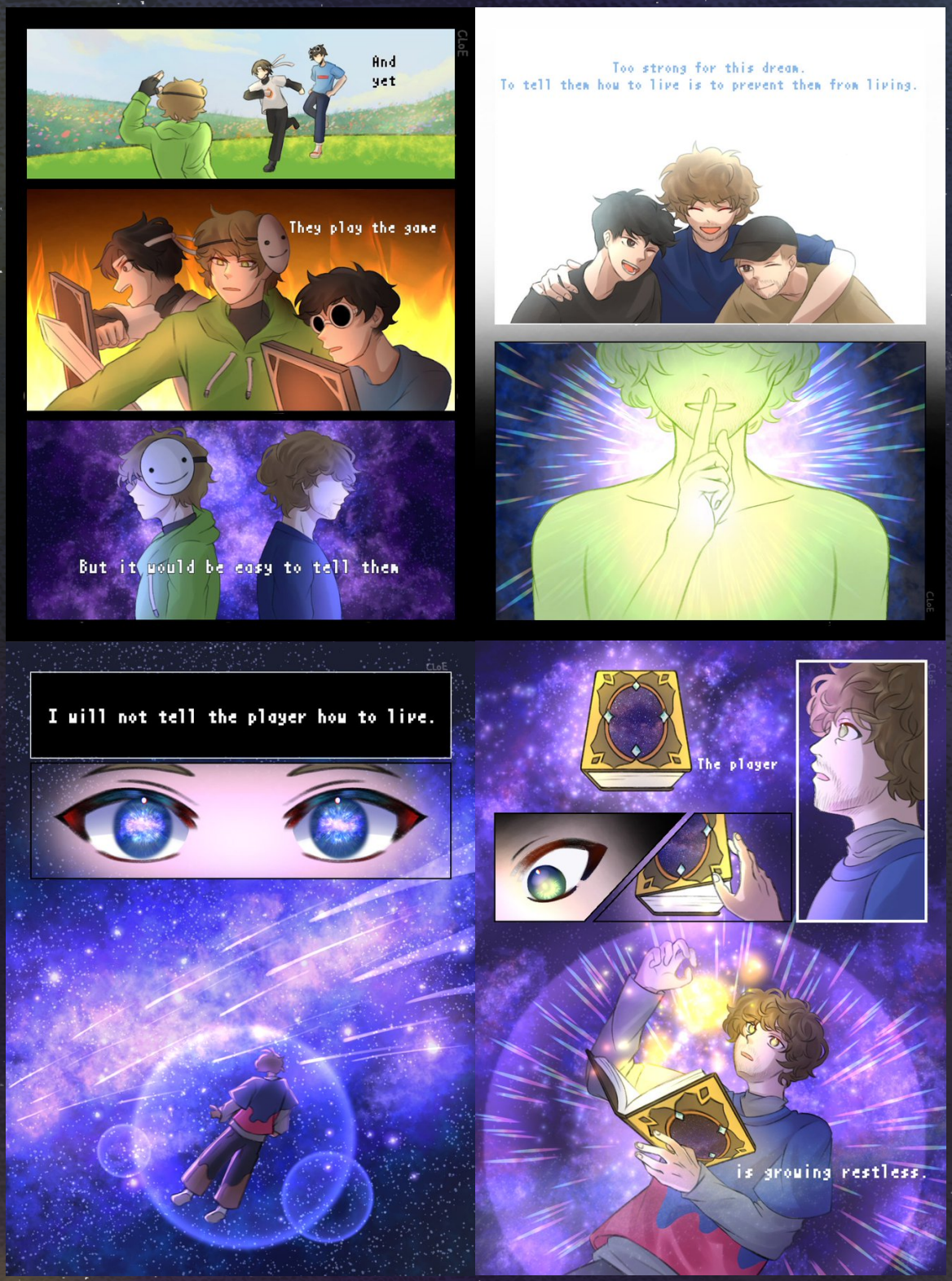
@neonlddelirium

And yet they play the game.
But it would be so easy to tell them...



@wolflynd

Too strong for this dream. To tell them how to live is to prevent them living.
I will not tell the player how to live.
The player is growing restless.



@cloeisme

I will tell the player a story.
But not the truth.

@stainedpurplehoodie

No. A story that contains the truth safely, in a cage of words. Not the naked truth that can burn over any distance.

@nep404

player of games

This body has won. This body made it further than any in the past, succeeding at last at the task received. Does the player escape this world? Does the player win anything of value? Perhaps. If It deems it so. This body will be disposed of, a new one forged of stars and light, the elements—fire, earth, water, and air—and the moon and darkness. Like the others, it will be placed in a new world; like the others, it will be slashed, destroyed, torn, torn, bruised, battered, and burned. It will kill and be killed, or maybe, like this old body, it will win.

@micahmells @stvallentine

Take a breath, now. Take another. Feel air in your lungs. Let your limbs return. Yes, move your fingers.
Have a body again, under gravity, in air. Respawn in the long dream.

@captain_amore

There you are. Your body touching
the universe again at every point, as though you were
separate things. As though we were separate things.

@junebug_1320

Who are we? Once we were called the spirit of the mountain.
Father sun, mother moon. Ancestral spirits,
animal spirits. Jinn. Ghosts. The green man. Then gods,
demons. Angels. Poltergeists. Aliens,
extraterrestrials. Leptons, quarks. The words change. We do not change.
We are the universe. We are everything you think isn't you.
You are looking at us now, through your skin
and your eyes. And why does the universe touch your skin,
and throw light on you? To see you, player.

@marmari_tea

To know you. And to be known. I shall tell you a story

@demonstars

Once upon a time, there was a player.
The player was you.
Dream.
Sometimes it thought itself human.
on the thin crust of a spinning globe of molten rock.
The ball of molten rock circled a ball of blazing gas that was three hundred and thirty thousand times more massive than it. They were so far apart that light took eight minutes to cross the gap. The light was information from a star, and it could burn your skin from one hundred and fifty million kilometres away.
186

@dream-blob

@rebelwithoutabroom

SUENITOS
Sometimes...
the player dreamed...
it was lost in a story.
Sometimes, these dreams were disturbing.
Sometimes very beautiful indeed.
Suenitos

@suenitos

@purpleglitch

the beginning... and the end

When he wakes, it's not beneath his Mother's paws, like where he fell asleep. Instead, he wakes in a field. Around him the grass sways in the gentle breeze, the land is spotted with colourful flowers, and the sky is a bright blue. Trees surround him in a circular clearing and the music of the land whispers in his ears. Despite laying on dirt, it's soft and the grass cradles him in its arms, the trees lean toward him, and the sun shines on his face. The rivers roar past in the distance, and the wind dances and twirls his hair, twisting his locks until they're bouncing.

He pushes himself up, relishing in the lack of dizziness. He feels the grass and dirt beneath his fingers as he gets on his knees. He kneels there for a moment, taking it all in.

A bee buzzes past his ear, lazily flying to its hive.

The fishes breach the water and jump from wave to wave.

The sun shines down from above the trees, chasing away the bitter coldness that he's felt his entire life.

And he finally feels like he belongs.

The atoms of the player were scattered in the grass, in the rivers, in the air, in the ground. A woman gathered the atoms; she drank and ate and inhaled; and the woman assembled the player, in her body.
And the player awoke, from the warm, dark world of its mother's body, into the long dream.
And the player was a new story, never told before, written in letters of DNA. And the player was a new program, never run before, generated by a sourcecode a billion years old.

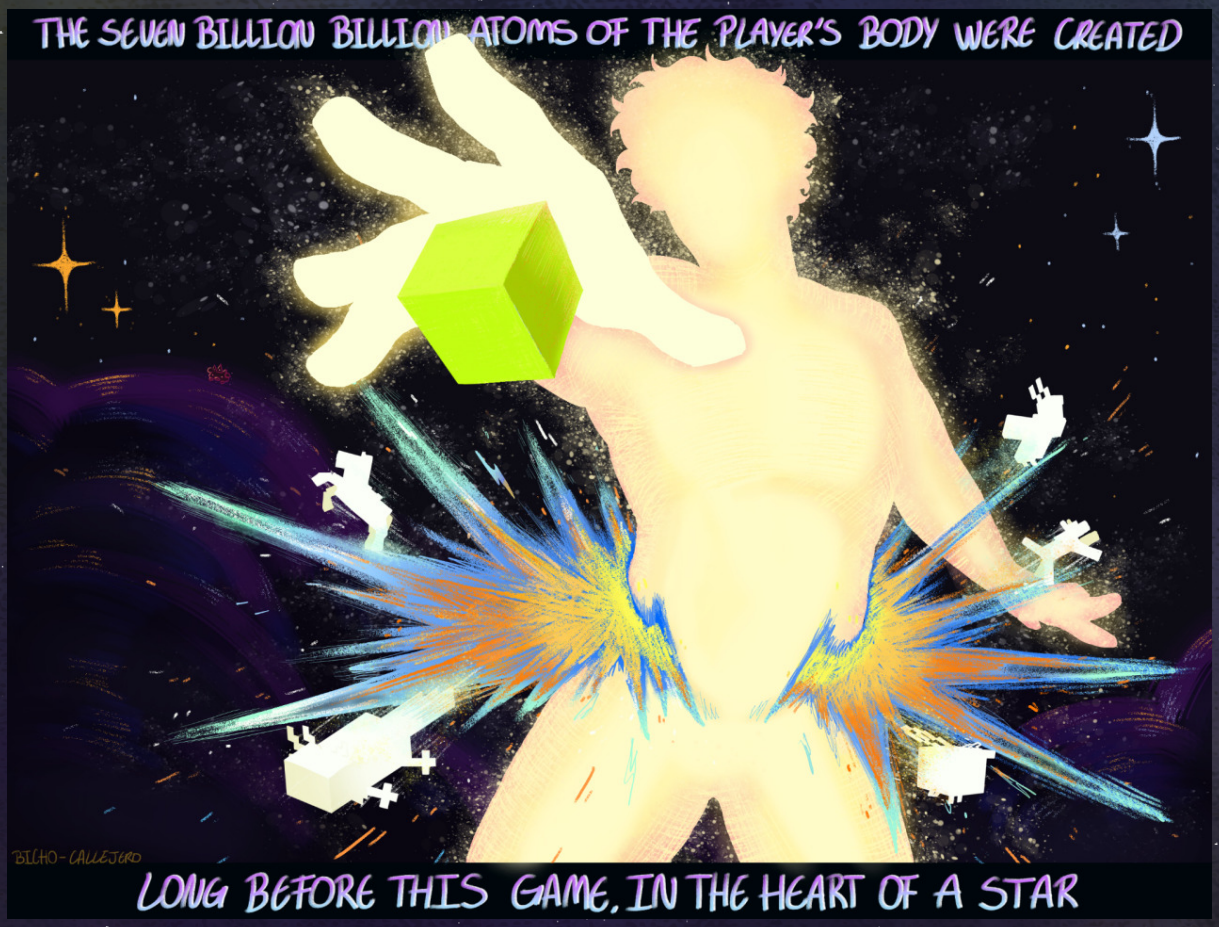
@miasl

@puppetofmilk

You are the player.
The story.
The program.
The human. Made
from nothing but
milk and love.
Let's go further back.

@scrtches

The seven billion billion billion atoms of the player's body were created, long before this game, in the heart of a star. So the player, too, is information from a star. And the player moves through a story, which is a forest of information planted by a man called Julian, on a flat, infinite world created by a man called Markus, that exists inside a small, private world created by the player, who inhabits a universe created by...
Shush. Sometimes the player created a small, private world that was soft and warm and simple. Sometimes hard, and cold, and complicated. Sometimes it built a model of the universe in its head; flecks of energy, moving through vast empty spaces. Sometimes it called those flecks "electrons" and "protons".



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@bicho-callejero

Sometimes it called them "planets" and "stars".
Sometimes it believed it was in a universe that was made of energy
that was made of offs and ons; zeros and ones; lines of code.
Sometimes it believed it was playing a game.
Sometimes it believed it was reading words on a screen.
You are the player, reading words...
@kindofl0vee

@kindofl0ve

Sometimes it called them
"planets" and "stars".

zeros and ones;
lines of code.

You are the player,

reading words...

@starspoiler

Shush... Sometimes the player read lines of code on a screen. Decoded them into words; decoded words into meaning; decoded meaning into feelings, emotions, theories, ideas, and the player started to breathe faster and deeper and realized it was alive, it was alive, those thousand deaths had not been real, the player was alive
You. You. You are alive.

Reverie

George managed to keep Dream away from his office for almost a day, which was probably a good thing, seeing as Dream's head had felt like it was full of bees for a bit after he pulled himself out of his office. Something about sleep deprivation, most likely. But he was back now, well-rested and ready to review his code for the final time with fresh eyes. Dream sat down and booted up his computer, pulling up his code and going all the way back to the beginning to start the arduous task of reviewing each and every line.

Dream began inspecting the code from its very start, getting lost once more in the tiny symbols on his screen. As he combed through, he remembered how his friends had encouraged him to pursue his idea, as lofty and out-of-reach as it seemed at the time. He remembered George's enthusiasm in particular, how his eyes sparkled with excitement when Dream explained his idea to him. George had been his biggest supporter throughout the entire exhausting project, somehow managing to remind Dream to take care of himself when he would get lost in the script whilst simultaniously also helping with the code. George put his college degree to use and gently guided Dream towards the right answers when he struggled with new coding languages and syntaxes he didn't yet understand.

and the player was alive

A loud roar echoed through Dream's ears, and large black flapping wings beat through the starless sky. His heart pounded with fear, the dragon was getting more furious by the second. With a tight grip, he pulled back his bow and shot an end crystal that sent the dragon into a fit of rage, smashing down a pillar, trying to crush him. Obsidian shards scarred his cheeks and arms as they fell. He stopped running for a second to eat but when he turned around, Dream was faced with the dragon huffing a fireball of dragons breath beneath his feet, and before he could run, Dream had died.

The words at the bottom of his screen glowed, 'Dream died by using magic' The words glowed with anger and frustration. But they also glowed with new beginnings, patience, and kindness.

Decoded Words Into Meaning.

Clicking the Respawn button allowed him to breathe, a whole new world had been right behind him if he had just turned around. His brain turned, his fingers tingled, his eyes blinked. His heart was a flame burning bright. He was breathing.

And The Player Started To Breathe
Faster And Deeper And Realized It Was Alive.

With a step at a time, a new life began. The sun and moon rose every morning and night. The trees swayed with every gust of wind. The animals spoke in tongues no one could understand. The Earth was alive, and so was the player.

You. You. You are alive.

And sometimes the player believed the universe had spoken to it through the sunlight that came through the shuffling leaves of the summer trees

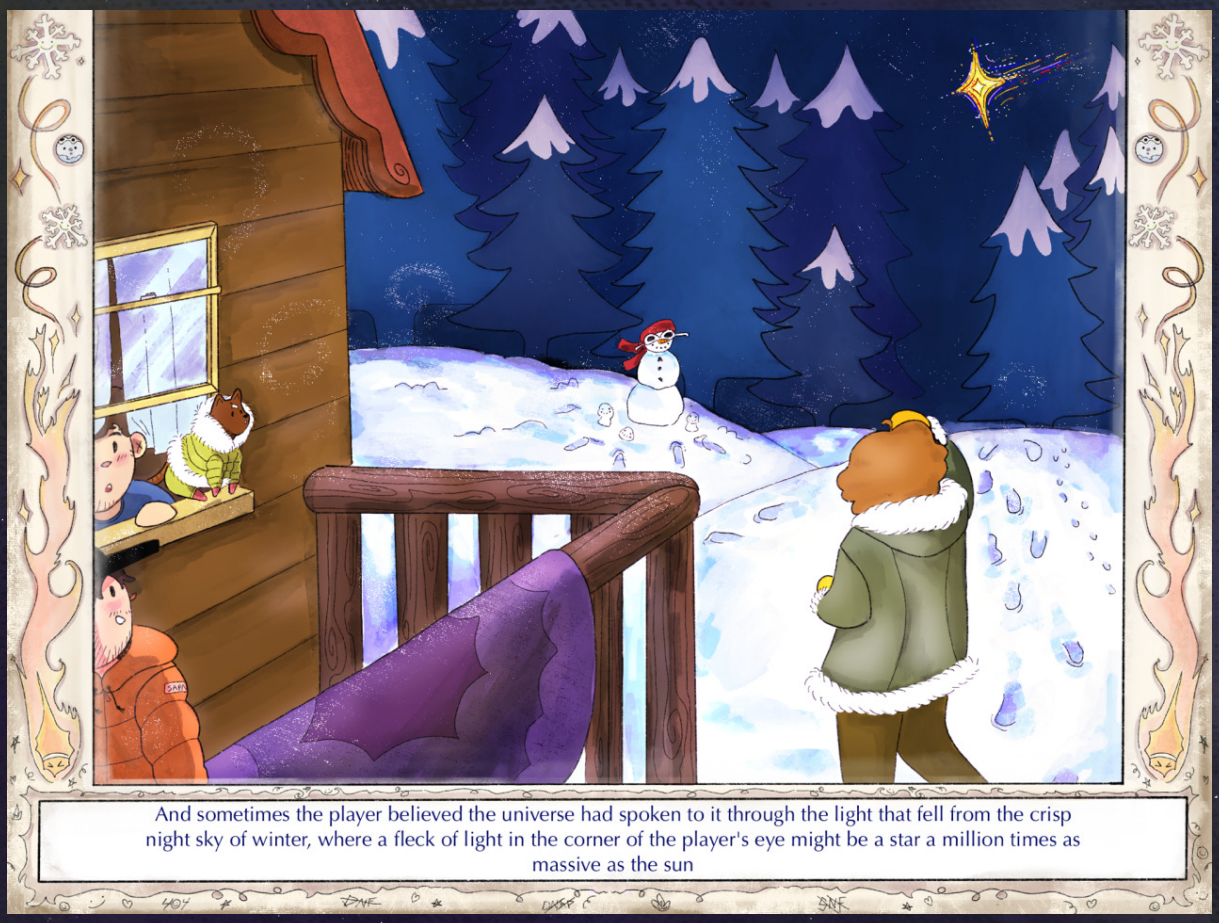
@art_studios_

To a Creator I Hold Dear

I was a girl who lacked inspiration.
Who went her days passively, even abrasively.
I would rarely feel elation
Except for the thought of an end destination.
I never felt the need for creation.
I didn't like myself, or my friends, or my situation.
So many held opinions i discouraged,
And many more held no opinions at all.
Just as my life was coming to it's longest stall,
I found a creator who abruptly ended this fall.
Before I believed that who I'd been was all I could manage.
But watching this creator change opinions
I must say that my worldview was shaken
He made me realize my mind was for the making
And suddenly I was filled with inspiration.
Because of his positive influence,
I found myself being less reclusive
I learned to be more friendly,
And so much more inclusive.
Someone showing how they changed and grew
Brought a fairly basic concept, for the first time, into my view.
So for that and all around that theme,
I would like to say a sincere thank you to **Dream.**

@kitteaisme

And sometimes the player believed the universe had spoken to it through the light that fell from the crisp night sky of winter, where a fleck of light in the corner of the player's eye might be a star a million times as massive as the sun, boiling its planets to plasma in order to be visible for a moment to the player, walking home at the far side of the universe, suddenly smelling food, almost at the familiar door, about to dream again



@glcharm

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had spoken to it through the light
that fell from the crisp night sky of winter,

where a fleck of light in the corner of the player's eye
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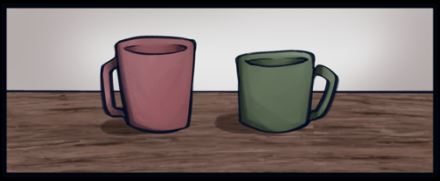
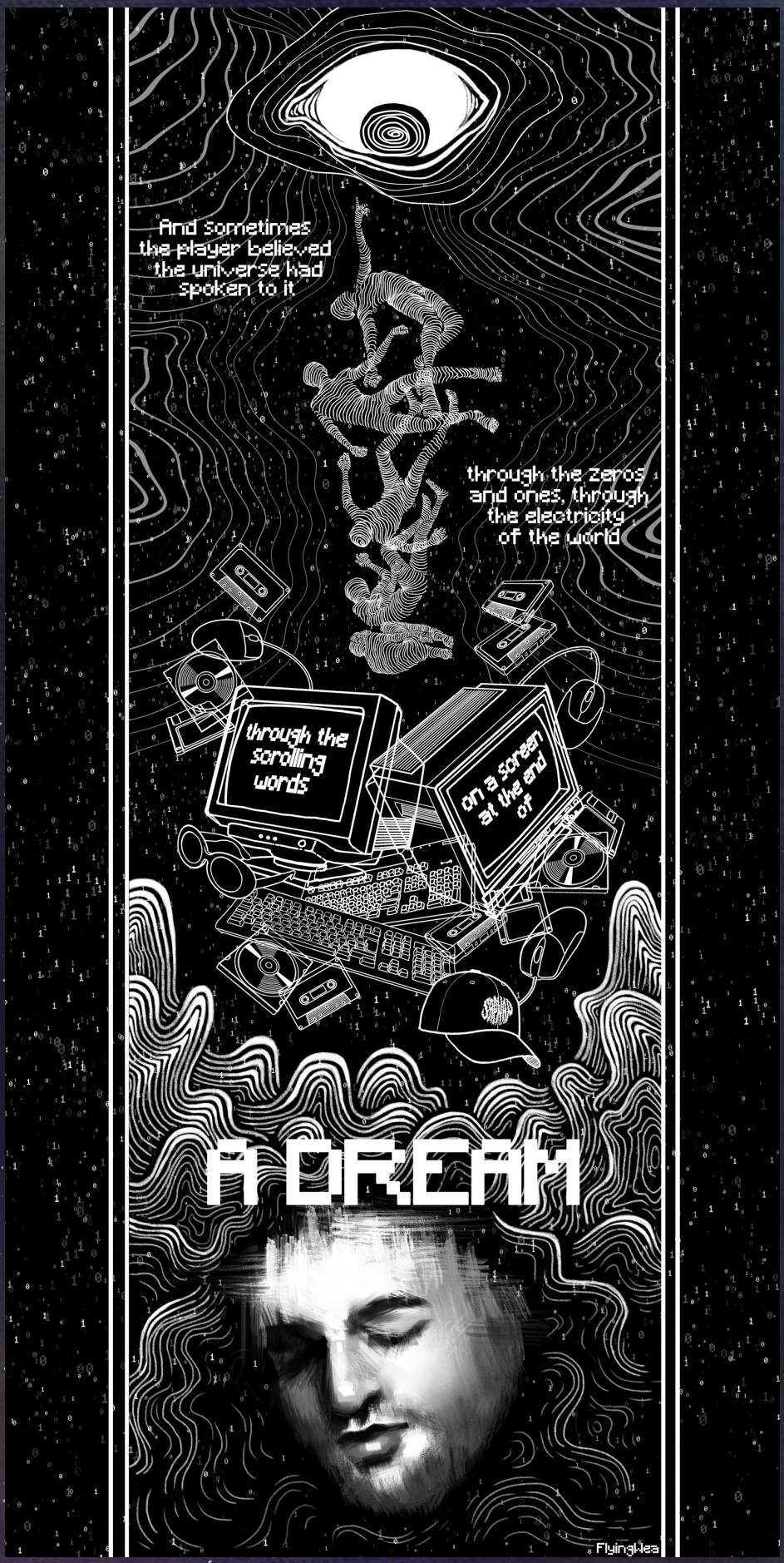


about to dream again

@ghast.jpg

And sometimes the player believed the universe had spoken to it through the zeros and ones, through the electricity of the world, through the scrolling words on a screen at the end of a dream

@dralbum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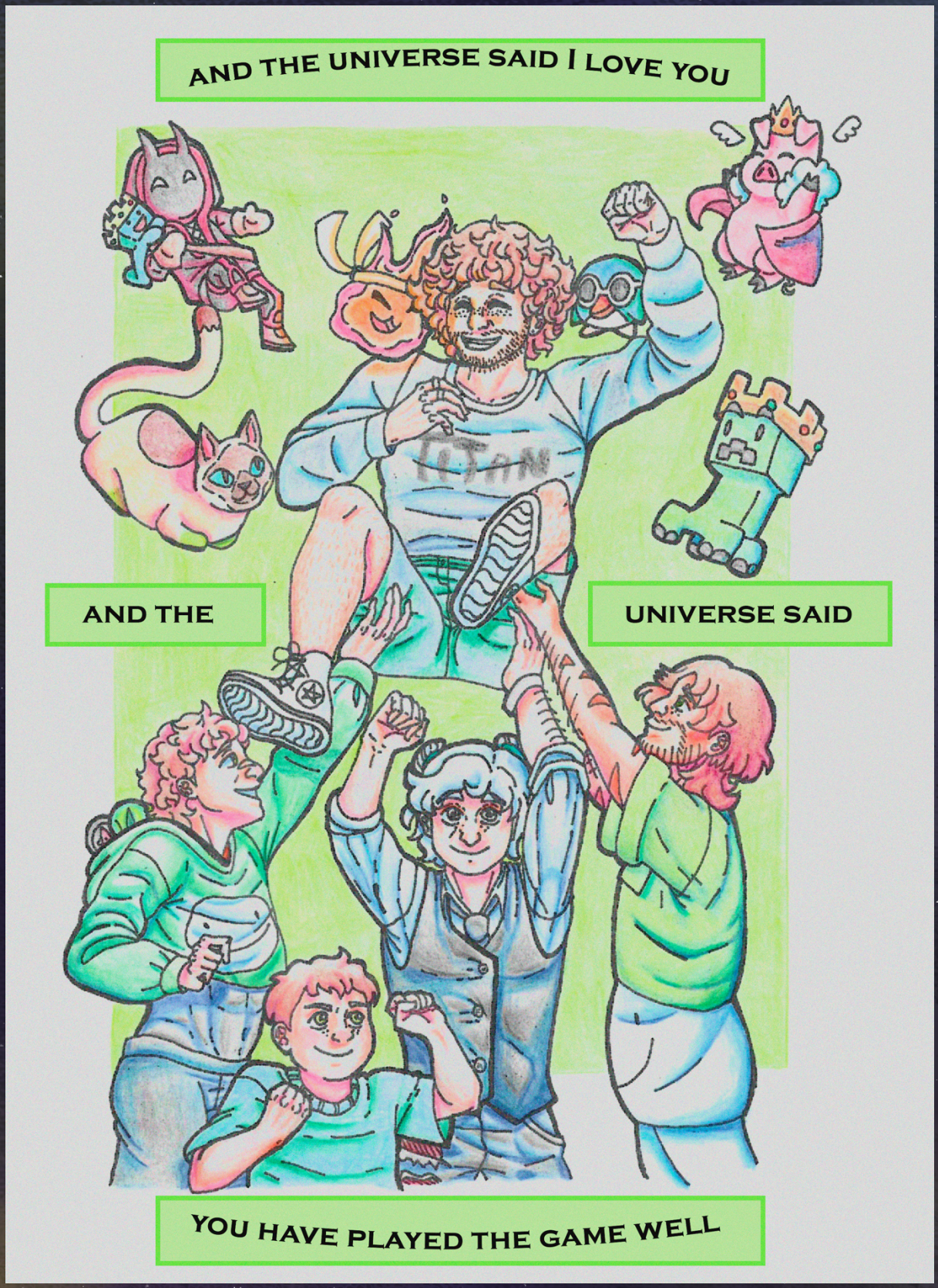
at the end
of
A DREAM
FlyingWea

@flyingwea

And the universe said I love you

@voidpidgeon

And the universe said you have played the game well



@boc.juli

and the universe said everything you need is within you
And the universe said you are stronger than you know

@kolartsz1

And the universe said everything you need is within you / And the universe said you are stronger than you know

Look at it. Why does it keep insisting it's separate from everything else?
What?
This player. Look at it.
It's lonely.
Does it not know it is never alone? Does it not know half of its cells aren't even human but microorganisms? How can it feel lonely when some of them were even given to it by its mother at birth?
He's a teenager.
In the long dream, it's 4:06 pm and he is 13 years old. They are in the kitchen, his mom nursing a cup of tea and him, refusing to do his homework. The other chairs are empty, his siblings long done and gone, waiting for their return at dinner.
"You can do this," she says.
"I can't."
"You can."
"I'm not smart like them." He nods at the abandoned seats.
"Clay," she sighs. She likes to call him her ray of sunshine but lately, the sky has been cloudy most days. "You can do this. Everything you need is in here." She leans over the table and brushes her finger against his temple.
She means well, worried and exhausted as she is, running on theine, and knowing he is just stalling until she has to pick up their youngest.
He looks back at the page, the numbers are still swimming in front of his eyes, and all he hears is Something is wrong with you if you can't do this.
--
In the game the player is born from the void, made from clay, created as a blank slate. They can be however and whoever they want: a fighter, a warrior, a conqueror.
So he sets out into the wilderness on his quest to slay the dragon at the end of the world.
He's a hunter, he's got no use for words, can't even speak. He takes the inventory as a given, punches a tree to craft a tool to make a weapon, and doesn't think.

And the universe said you are the daylight

@everdrm

And the universe said you are the night

And the universe said

you are the

DAYLIGHT

And the universe said

you are the

NIGHT

@ophysia

And the universe said the darkness you fight is within you

@gnfxyv

And the universe said the light you seek is within you

@vault_in_hiding

And the universe said you are not alone

@lisart_tellar

And the universe said you are not separate from every other thing

And the universe said you are not alone

And the universe said

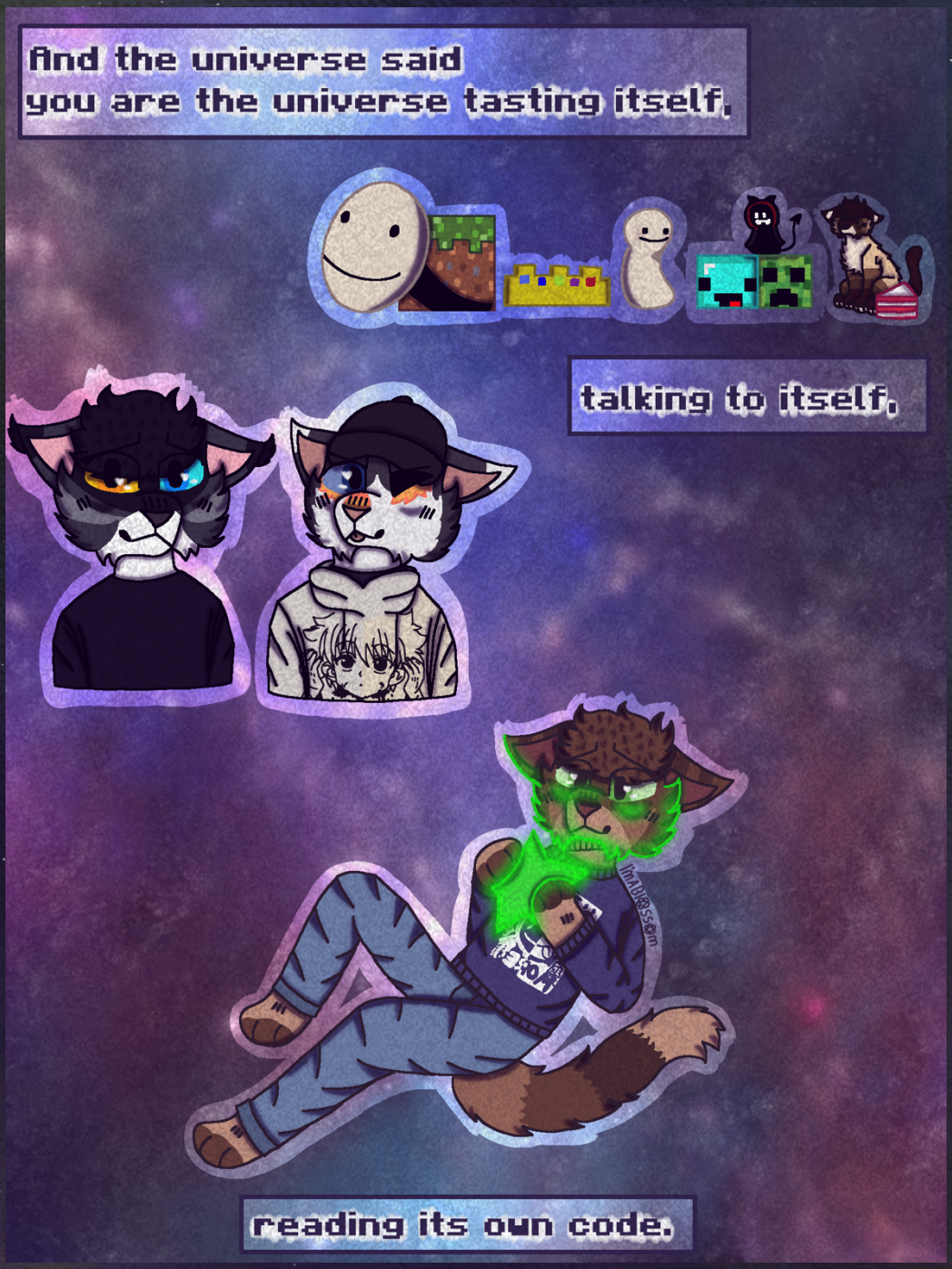
from every other thing

RAIWEL JACE

@raiwel.jace

@milder-manners

And the universe said you are the universe tasting itself, talking to itself, reading its own code



@blossomingdrms

my love, the universe

He doesn't hesitate to slip in beside him, and it feels natural when Clay's arm wraps around his neck. He tries not to think too hard about the calloused fingers tracing his collarbone. Clay shifts the book to sit on both of their laps as his other hand points to the photos printed on the page,

"I got it from the library. It's so cool, actually. This- this is a cave spider. They're ×huge× a-and they make these giant webs that can span entire caverns. Their web is so sticky, trying to pull it off you can shred your clothes." He rambles, laughing at the end like that wasn't a horrific thought. He can feel Clay's fingers twitching on his neck and his body filled with energy. Clay always gets so excited when it comes to monsters. He's always thought they were scary, and frankly, ugly. But Clay will run up to him on a random day, book in hand, ready to explain the differences between tundra skeletons and normal skeletons, or something alike. He doesn't get it. Clay turns his head to look at him, and the excitement shimmering in his eyes is unmistakable. But he's learned he doesn't have to get it. He'd listen any day.

@lazyhumanoid30 @lazy30

And the game was over and the player woke up from the dream. And the player began a new dream.

@cubeiicubes

And the player dreamed again, dreamed better. And the player was the universe. And the player was love.

@bla50095690

@istarryi

@iolastarz